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THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE

The Prophet of Canadian Nationality

Being an account of how Thomas D'Arcy McGee, by precept and example, strove manfully to convert the abstract idea of Canadian nationality into a compelling sentiment of tolerance and goodwill among sects and races, of faith, hope, charity and neighborliness among individuals.

A POPULAR LECTURE

DELIVERED AT EMERSON, OCTOBER 4TH, 1923

BY

D. C. HARVEY, M.A. (OXON)

OF THE

DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY

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THOMAS D'ARCY McGEE /

"Patriotism will increase in Canada as its history is read. No province of any ancient or modern power—not even Gaul when it was a province of Rome—has had nobler imperial names interwoven with its local events. Under the French kings Canada was the theatre of action for a whole series of men of first-rate reputation—men eminent for their energy, their fortitude, their courage, and their accomplishments, for all that constitutes and adorns civil and military reputations. Under our English sovereigns, from the days of Wolfe to those of the late lamented Lord Elgin (to speak only of the dead), our great names are interwoven with some of the best and highest passages in the annals of the Empire. We have not, therefore, a history simply provincial, interesting only to the provincials themselves, but a history which forms an inseparable and conspicuous part in the annals of the best ages of the two first empires in the world, France and England.

"I congratulate you, young gentlemen, natives of Canada, on that fact, and I trust you may, years hence at other convocations, when other dignitaries preside and another age graduates, that you may be enabled to tell your successors how, even within your own time, a great step was taken towards the consolidation and advancement of British North America in the good days when Lord Monck was Governor-General of Canada."

Thus spoke Thomas D'Arcy McGee on June 27th, 1864, to the students and friends of Bishops' College, Lennoxville, in convocation assembled. In speaking of Canada's material and intellectual inheritance from the two great empires, France and England, he took pains to urge upon his Canadian audience the necessity of familiarizing itself with its own great history. This lecture is an attempt to understand the contribution of McGee himself to that history, "in the good days when Lord Monck was Governor-General of Canada."

Thomas D'Arcy McGee belongs to that class of literary statesmen with which students of British politics are familiar, a class that is all too rare in Canadian history. Like Howe he was a self-educated man who by his energy and native ability raised himself to the first rank of oratory and statesmanship. Like Howe, too, he was both poet and journalist before he entered upon a definite political career; and in both

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cases the trials and vicissitudes of politics sadly interrupted the pursuits of literature until death denied the fulfilment of their dreams; but these dreams, even though unfulfilled, prompted both statesmen to the utterance of many a noble thought which has become part and parcel of our national heritage. The fruits of the idealism which they implanted in us have not yet been garnered or appreciated to the full.

Of all the fathers of confederation none deserves to be more kindly remembered by us than Thomas D'Arcy McGee, not only for the broad-minded principles which he advocated but also for the fine example of tolerance, goodwill, and self-abnegation which he set for his contemporaries on behalf of those principles which he expounded so eloquently. Though he spent only eleven years in Canada, the land of his adoption, he, above all others, deserves to be called the prophet of Canadian nationality. He alone of the fathers of confederation thought of nationality in its spiritual sense as the soul of a people, he alone conceived it as a new thing—the fundamental unity of races and sects that rose high above any *arrière pensée* of race dominance on the one hand or of religious bigotry on the other. Looking beyond the mere political union of the British North America Act, with its strict provision for sectional interests and religious minorities, he hoped to see a real mental union of the different provinces whose different religious bodies should be actuated by the spirit of harmony and goodwill.

While the other statesmen of the period were deeply concerned with immediate needs and too deeply engaged to stand aloof and observe their handiwork, he was able to pause in the midst of a brilliant speech to congratulate the people of the various provinces upon the manner in which they were discussing the great question of the day.

"I have watched with great attention," said he, "the expression of public opinion in the Lower Provinces as well as in our own; and I am rejoiced to find that even in the smallest of the provinces I have been able to read writings and speeches which would do no discredit to older and more cultivated communities—articles and speeches worthy of any press and of any audience. The provincial mind, it would seem, under the inspiration of a great question, leaped at a single bound out of the slough of mere mercenary struggles for office and took post on the high and honor-

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able ground from which alone the great subject can be taken in, in all its dimensions—had risen at once to the true dignity of this discussion with an elasticity that does honor to the communities that have exhibited it, and gives assurance that we have the metal, the material, out of which to construct a new and vigorous nationality. (Cheers.) We find in the journals and in the speeches of public men in the Lower Provinces a discussion of the first principles of government, a discussion of the principles of constitutional law, and an intimate knowledge and close application of the leading facts in constitutional history, which gives to me, at least, the satisfaction and assurance that, if we never went farther in this matter, we have put an end for the present, and I hope for long, to bitterer and smaller controversies. We have given the people some sound mental food, and to every man who has a capacity for discussion we have given a topic upon which he can fitly exercise his powers, no longer gnawing at a file and wasting his abilities in the poor effort at advancing the ends of some paltry faction or party. I can congratulate this House and province and the provinces below that such is the case, and I may observe, with some satisfaction, that the various orators and writers seem to be speaking or writing as if in the visible presence of all the colonies (Hear, hear). They are no longer hole-and-corner celebrities; they seem to think that their words will be scanned and weighed afar off as well as at home."

This passage has been quoted at some length in order that its cumulative effect may convince us that here was one who could be the most passionate advocate of a cause and at the same time its aloof and dispassionate critic. In fact one might almost regard the orator as guilty of patronizing his colleagues in the great achievement if one were unfamiliar with the varied experiences and harassing vicissitudes of his earlier career before his Celtic fervor and youthful ardor had been toned down to the calm conservatism of middle age.

Thomas D'Arcy McGee was born at Carlingford, County of Louth, Ireland, on April 13th, 1825, his remote ancestors having been expelled from Island Magee by a party of covenanters in the days of the Puritan rebellion. His father was James McGee and his mother Dorcas Morgan. With the exception of his father, who was in the coast guard service, all the men on both sides of his family had been "United Irishmen." It was to his mother and to the romantic beauty of his birth-place that he owed his gifted imagination and his poetic fancy. His mother was the daughter of a Dublin bookseller, who had been ruined for his part in the

conspiracy of 1798; and, like many another good woman who could not bear arms herself, she instilled in her son the worship of Irish heroism and a love for her country, its music and its legends. Together they passed their leisure hours in playing or singing Irish songs, while the boy acted the part of favorite Irish heroes and learned at his mother's knee to declaim with feeling and skill. Though his mother died shortly after he entered his 'teens, his memory of her was always tender and green and many a poem of his later days bears touching tribute to her worth and to her abiding influence upon his life.

Just before his mother's death his father had moved to Wexford. In a day-school there the boy received all the regular education he was ever to get, but he spent his time to advantage in the study of poetry and of history. The history of America attracted him particularly, and at the age of seventeen he decided to try his fortunes in the "land of freedom." After a visit to a relative, he made an oration to a sympathetic people, as a result of which he was offered a position on the staff of the *Boston Pilot*, an Irish-American journal which was warmly advocating repeal of the Irish Union. Two years later he became editor of the *Pilot* and took a leading part in the defence of his countrymen who at that time had incurred the displeasure of the Native Americans, an organization which fomented anti-Irish feeling. At the same time he wrote and lectured throughout New England in support of the Irish repeal movement. His work attracted the attention of Daniel O'Connell, who publicly referred to "the inspired writings of a young exiled Irish boy in America;" and early in 1845, when barely twenty years of age, he was invited by the proprietor of the *Dublin Freeman's Journal* to become its editor.

But back in Ireland he found his new paper too moderate in tone, too conservative in method, and decided to join forces with the Young Ireland party, which consisted of the most brilliant and indiscreet Irishmen of the day. Through their organ, *The Nation*, they exercised a powerful influence upon their contemporaries. Here at last was a congenial group and fit scope for his genius, and here the young patriot

poured forth his soul in prose and verse. But they who sow to the wind reap the whirlwind. Young Ireland separated from O'Connell, rushed into revolt and a price was put on the head of McGee, who was at that time absent in Scotland in the interests of insurrection. He returned to Ireland, was befriended by the Bishop of Derry, and, after a hurried good-bye to his youthful bride, he escaped once more to America, disguised as a priest, landing on October 10th, 1848. Sixteen days later he issued the first number of a new paper, the *New York Nation*, in which he bemoaned the woes of Ireland and his separation from his wife.

To this period belong some of his best poems of the affections, as well as his most passionate outbursts against England. To him Irish emigration at that date was a euphemism for exile, and he laid the blame at the door of England, as may be seen from his verses, "The Parting from Ireland."

Oh! dread Lord of Heaven and earth! hard and sad it is to go
From the land I loved and cherish'd into outward gloom and woe;
Was it for this, Guardian Angel! when to manly years I came,
Homeward, as a light, you led me—light that now is turn'd to flame?

I am as a shipwreck'd sailor, by one wave flung on the shore,
By the next torn struggling seaward, without hope for evermore;
I am as a sinner toiling onward to the Redemption Hill—
By the rising sands environ'd, by siroccos baffled still.

How I loved this nation, ye know, gentle friends, who share my fate—
And you too, heroic comrades, loaded with the fetter's weight—
How I coveted all knowledge that might raise her name with men—
How I sought her secret beauties with an all-insatiate ken.

God! it is a maddening prospect thus to see this storied land
Like some wretched culprit writhing in a strong avenger's hand—
Kneeling, foaming, weeping, shrieking, woman-weak and woman-loud—
Better, better, Mother Ireland! we had laid you in your shroud!

If an end were made, and nobly, of this old centennial feud—
If, in arms outnumbered, beaten, less, O Ireland! had I rued;
For the scatter'd sparks of valor might relight thy darkness yet,
And thy long chain of Resistance to the Future had been knit.

Now *their* castle sits securely on its old accursed hill,
 And their motley pirate-standard taints the air in Ireland still;
 And their titled paupers clothe them with the labor of our hands,
 And their Saxon greed is gluttoned from our plunder'd fathers' lands.

But our faith is all unshaken, though our present hope is gone;
 England's lease is *not* forever—Ireland's warfare is *not* done.
 God in heaven, He is immortal—Justice is His sword and sign—
 If Earth will not be our ally, we have One who is Divine.

Though my eyes no more may see thee, island of my early love!
 Other eyes shall see thy Green Flag flying the tall hills above;
 Though my ears no more may listen to the rivers as they flow,
 Other ears shall hear a paean closing thy long *caoine* of woe!

It is not surprising to discover that his editorials and articles in the *New York Nation* were violently anti-British; but they were also anti-clerical, and the young firebrand was soon to find to his cost that it was safer to be anti-British in the New York of 1848 than to attack the clergy. To his charge that the priesthood and hierarchy were responsible for the failure of the Irish insurrection, Bishop Hughes of the diocese of New York replied with some warmth, arguing that they "had saved their people from utter ruin by preventing them from rushing into a rebellion for which no adequate preparation had been made." In the long run the Irish-American laity sided with their clergy, and McGee temporarily lost his old-time influence; and his paper languished.

In these circumstances he acted upon the advice of his friends and migrated to Boston, where he published a new paper, *The American Celt*. But he had not yet learned his lesson and for the first two years of its existence the *Celt* was revolutionary in tone. However, in 1852, when he was twenty-seven years of age, he took a general stock of his spiritual and mental goods and after an earnest struggle adopted a philosophy of life more in keeping with the teaching of his church and the lessons of experience. He himself explains the renaissance through the columns of the *Celt* in an open "Letter to a Friend," which in part is as follows:

"I discovered, at the very outset of the enquiry, my own ignorance. This I discovered in a way which, I trust in God, you will never have to travel—by controversy and bitterness, and sorrow for lost time and

wasted opportunities. Had we studied principles in Ireland as devoutly as we did an ideal nationality, I might not now be laboring double tides to recover a confidence which my own fault forfeited. But I will say it, for it is necessary to be said, that in Ireland the study of principles is at the lowest ebb. Our literature has been English—that is Protestant; our politics have been French, or implicit following of O'Connell; and under all this rubbish, the half-forgotten catechism was the only Christian element in our mental constitution. Since Burke died, politics ceased to be a science in our island and in England. The cruel political economy of Adam Smith never had disciples among us; the eloquence of Shiel is not bottomed upon any principle; the *ipse dixit* of O'Connell could be no substitute to ardent and awakened intellect, for the satisfying fullness of a Balme or a Brownson . . .

"Having discovered, by close self-examination, that the reading chiefly of modern books English and French gave a very superficial and false view of political science, I cheerfully said to myself 'My friend, you are on the wrong track. You think you know something of human affairs, but you do not. You are ignorant, very ignorant of the primary principles that govern, and must govern the world. You can put sentences together, but what does that avail you, when perhaps those sentences are but the husks and pods of poisonous seeds? Beware! Look to it! You have a soul! What will all the fame of talents avail you if you lose *that*?' Thus I reasoned with myself, and then, setting my cherished opinions before me one by one, I tried, judged and capitally executed every one, save and except those which I found to be compatible with the following doctrines:

- "1. That there is a Christendom.
- "2. That this Christendom exists by and for the Catholic Church.
- "3. That there is, in our own age, one of the most dangerous and most general conspiracies against Christendom that the world has yet seen.
- "4. That this conspiracy is aided, abetted, and tolerated by many because of its stolen watchword—'Liberty.'
- "5. That it is the highest duty of 'a Catholic man' to go over cheerfully, heartily and at once to the side of Christendom—to the Catholic side—and to resist with all his might the conspirators who, under the stolen name of 'Liberty' make war upon all Christian institutions."

Whatever we may think of the logic of the new position we cannot doubt its sincerity, particularly in view of the fact that from this date he took his stand against revolutionary methods for the salvation of Ireland, wrote, lectured, organized on behalf of the peaceable improvement of the Irish lot, and ultimately met death at the hands of an assassin because of his open denunciation of the Fenian raids against Canada. Nor did his conviction that the word liberty had

been much abused by rebels and conspirators cause him to plunge to the other extreme and favor either tyranny or obscurantism. To his latest day, with his last breath, he spoke in favor of liberty with order and religion, with tolerance and charity. "Liberty with him was a passion;" and six years after this record of his inner life appeared he published in his Canadian ballads a poem entitled "Independence" which despite its mixed metaphors, gives the lie for all time to the charge that he had become reactionary:

Let Fortune frown and foes increase,
And life's long battle know no peace;
Give me to wear upon my breast
The object of my early quest,
Undimm'd, unbroken, and unchanged,
The talisman I sought and gain'd,
The jewel, Independence!

It feeds with fire my flagging heart
To act by all a fearless part;
It irrigates like summer rain
The thirsty furrows of my brain;
Through years and cares my sun and star,
A present help, a hope afar—
The jewel, Independence!

Rob me of all the joys of sense;
Curse me with all but impotence;
Fling me upon an ocean oar;
Cast me upon a savage shore;
Slay me! but own above my bier,
"The man now gone still held, while here,
The jewel, Independence!"

From 1852 to 1857 McGee seems to have been restless, and unable to find his proper level. He moved his publishing office from Boston to Buffalo, from Buffalo to New York. At one time he is lecturing on "The Catholic History of America" or "The Reformation in Ireland," at another he is writing brilliant descriptive sketches from Ottawa, Lake Huron or the maritime provinces. Again he is busy urging in prose and verse his compatriots to leave the cities of the East and take possession of the fruitful West. One of the

poems, "The Army of the West," shows his feeling at this time.

We fight upon a new-found plan, our Army of the West—
Our brave brigades, along the line, will leave the foe no rest—
Our battle-axes, bright and keen, with every day's swift sands,
Lay low the foes of Liberty, and then annex their lands;
On, onward through the Western woods our standard saileth ever
And shadows many a nameless peak and unbaptized river—
The Army of the Future we, the champions of the Unborn—
We pluck the primal forests up, and sow their sites with corn.

That rugged standard beareth the royal arms of toil—
The axe, and pike, and ponderous sledge, and plough that frees the soil;
The field is made of stripes, and the stars the crest supplies,
And the living eagles hover round the flag-staff where it flies.
And thus beneath our standard, right merrily we go,
The Future for our heritage, the tangled Waste our foe;
The Army of the Future we, the champions of the Unborn—
We pluck the primal forests up, and sow their sites with corn.

Down in yon glade the anvil rings beneath the arching oaks,
Behind yon hills our neighbours drive young oxen in the yokes,
Yon laughing boys now boating down the rapid river's tide,
Go to the learned man who keeps the log-house on its side—
Like suckers of the pine they grow, elastic, rugged, tall,
They will hit a swallow on the wing with a single rifle ball—
The cadets of our army they, from "the West-Point" of the Unborn,
They too will pluck the forests up, and sow their sites with corn.

Oh ye who dwell in cities, in the self-conceited East,
Do you ever think how by our toils your comforts are increased?
When you walk upon your carpets, and sit on your easy chairs,
And read self-applauding stories, and give yourselves such airs—
Do you ever think upon us, Backwoodsmen of the West,
Who, from the Lakes to Texas, have given the foe no rest?
On the Army of the Future, and the champions of the Unborn,
Who pluck the primal forests up, and sow their sites with corn?

In 1856 he arranged a convention of 100 leading Irish-Americans at Buffalo to further these schemes of colonization. The convention is more important for its influence upon McGee's future than for its achievements. While there a number of Irish-Canadians prevailed upon him to throw in his lot with them, and accordingly, early in the

following year, he moved to Montreal, where he lived until his death in 1868.

He immediately began the publication of the *New Era*, in which he struck off the phrase "a new nationality," a phrase which meant much to him and to the achievement of which he devoted the remaining eleven years of his life.

In the general election of 1858 he was elected to the Canadian parliament, where he sat with the opposition until 1864, electrifying and sometimes antagonizing the House with his irrepressible wit and satire. In the Taché-Macdonald administration he crossed the House and accepted office as Minister of Agriculture, which portfolio he held until confederation. He was elected to the first Dominion parliament and generously declined office to make room for an Irish-Catholic member from Nova Scotia—an act which goes far to disprove the common assertion that he went over to the Taché-Macdonald party merely to get a portfolio. His last speech in the House was a plea for goodwill and harmony between Nova Scotia and the new confederation. That night, April 7th, 1868, he was assassinated by Patrick Whelan, an Irish Fenian. He was buried in Mount Royal cemetery on April 13th, his forty-third birthday.

So far (with the exception of a few details which anticipate the narrative) Thomas D'Arcy McGee has figured as a gifted Irish poet, rebel, journalist, an American exile who, after a spiritual and intellectual crisis there, removed with his wife and daughters to the city of Montreal; but before passing on to a consideration of his contribution to our Canadian life a word more must be said about his work in general.

With the exception of his editorials scattered over many pages, the largest volume of his writings is his poetry. These poems were collected from the files of his various papers and published in 1869. The volume contains 309 poems. Of these the editor classified 72 as patriotic, 96 as historical and legendary, 19 on general history, 35 on the affections, 18 miscellaneous, 26 religious and 13 juvenile. In general it may be said that his poetry is Irish, of Ireland and for the Irish. Underlying it all is the fundamental loyalty to Irish

history, life, religion, character and liberty. After he removed to Canada he published only one small volume of poems, *Canadian Ballads*. Of these "The Arctic Indian's Faith" and "Jacques Cartier" have had the strongest appeal to Canadians at least:

THE ARCTIC INDIAN'S FAITH

We worship the Spirit that walks, unseen,
Through our land of ice and snow;
We know not His face, we know not His place,
But His presence and power we know.

Does the buffalo need the pale-face's word
To find his pathway far?
What guide has he to the hidden ford,
Or where the green pastures are?
Who teacheth the moose that the hunter's gun
Is peering out of the shade?
Who teacheth the doe and the fawn to run
In the track the moose has made?

Him do we follow, Him do we fear—
The Spirit of earth and sky;
Who hears with the wapiti's* eager ear
His poor red children's cry.
Whose whisper we note in every breeze
That stirs the birch canoe,
Who hangs the reindeer moss on the trees
For the food of the caribou.

That spirit we worship who walks, unseen,
Through our land of ice and snow;
We know not His face, we know not His place,
But His presence and power we know.

JACQUES CARTIER

In the seaport of Saint Malo, 'twas a smiling morn in May,
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sail'd away;
In the crowded old cathedral all the town were on their knees,
For the safe return of kinsmen from the undiscover'd seas;
And every autumn blast that swept o'er pinnacle and pier,
Fill'd manly hearts with sorrow and gentle hearts with fear.

*Wapiti—the elk.

A year pass'd o'er Saint Malo—again came round the day
 When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sail'd away;
 But no tidings from the absent had come the way they went,
 And tearful were the vigils that many a maiden spent;
 And manly hearts were fill'd with gloom, and gentle hearts with fear,
 When no tidings came from Cartier at the closing of the year.

But the Earth is as the Future, it hath its hidden side,
 And the Captain of Saint Malo was rejoicing in his pride;
 In the forests of the North—while his townsmen mourn'd his loss,
 He was rearing on Mount Royal the fleur-de-lis and cross;
 And when two months were over and added to the year,
 Saint Malo hail'd him home again, cheer answering to cheer.

He told them of a region, hard, iron-bound and cold,
 Nor seas of pearl abounded, nor mines of shining gold,
 Where the wind from Thule freezes the word upon the lip,
 And the ice in spring comes sailing athwart the early ship;
 He told them of the frozen scene until they thrill'd with fear,
 And piled fresh fuel on the hearth to make him better cheer.

But when he changed the strain—he told how soon is cast
 In early spring the fetters that hold the waters fast;
 How the winter causeway, broken, is drifted out to sea,
 And the rills and rivers sing with pride the anthem of the free;
 How the magic wand of summer clad the landscape, to his eyes,
 Like the dry bones of the just, when they wake in Paradise.

He told them of the Algonquin braves—the hunters of the wild,
 Of how the Indian mother in the forest rocks her child;
 Of how, poor souls! they fancy, in every living thing
 A spirit good or evil, that claims their worshipping;
 Of how they brought their sick and maim'd for him to breathe upon,
 And of the wonders wrought for them through the Gospel of St. John.

He told them of the river whose mighty current gave
 Its freshness, for a hundred leagues, to Ocean's briny wave;
 He told them of the glorious scene presented to his sight,
 What time he rear'd the cross and crown on Hochelaga's height.
 And of the fortress cliff that keeps of Canada the key,
 And they welcomed back Jacques Cartier from his perils o'er the sea.

But throughout the volume there sparkle a few gems
 which indicate that while not an artist he had within him
 the virtue of the universal poet, the poet of humanity.
 The poem entitled "A Small Catechism" can be appreciated

by those who do not feel his urge to freedom and by those who cannot sympathize with his passionate advocacy of the Irish cause:

Why are children's eyes so bright?
 Tell me why?
 'Tis because the infinite
 Which they've left, is still in sight,
 And they know no earthly blight—
 Therefore 'tis their eyes are bright.

Why do children laugh so gay?
 Tell me why?
 'Tis because their hearts have play
 In their bosoms, every day,
 Free from sin and sorrow's sway—
 Therefore 'tis they laugh so gay.

Why do children speak so free?
 Tell me why?
 'Tis because from fallacy,
 Cant, and seeming, they are free,
 Hearts, not lips, their organs be—
 Therefore 'tis they speak so free.

Why do children love so true?
 Tell me why?
 'Tis because they cleave unto
 A familiar, favorite few,
 Without art or self in view—
 Therefore children love so true.

But when all such exceptions are made, the fact remains that he is an Irish rather than a Canadian poet, and that, while American or Canadian history could move him to intellectual rhyming, it was Ireland and Irish history alone that touched his heart. To the justice of this verdict he himself bears witness in "The Heart's Resting Place."

Twice have I sail'd the Atlantic o'er,
 Twice dwelt an exile in the West;
 Twice did kind nature's skill restore
 The quiet of my troubled breast—
 As moss upon a rifted tree,
 So time its gentle cloaking did,
 But though the wound no eye could see,
 Deep in my heart the barb was hid.

I felt a weight where'er I went—
 I felt a void within my brain;
 My day-hopes and my dreams were blent
 With sable threads of mental pain;
 My eye delighted not to look
 On forest old or rapids grand;
 The stranger's joy I scarce could brook—
 My heart was in my own dear land.

Where'er I turn'd, some emblem still
 Roused consciousness upon my track;
 Some hill was like an Irish hill,
 Some wild bird's whistle call'd me back;
 A sea-bound ship bore off my peace
 Between its white, cold wings of woe;
 Oh! if I had but wings like these,
 Where my peace went I too would go.

Throughout his life McGee was an untiring lecturer, and is said to have given over 1300 lectures. His subjects include Columbus, Shakespeare, Milton, Burke, Grattan, Burns, Moore, the Reformation, the Jesuits, the English Revolution of 1688, the Growth and Power of the Middle Classes in England, the Moral of the Four Revolutions, the Irish Brigade in the Service of France, the American Revolution, the Spirit of Irish History, and many others.

In history and biography he was also busy and published the following: *O'Connell and His Friends*; *The Irish Writers of the 17th Century*; *Life of McMurrough*; *Memoir of Duffy*; *Historical Sketches of Irish Settlers in America*; *History of the Reformation in Ireland*; *Catholic History of North America*; *Life of Bishop Maginn*; *Popular History of Ireland* (two volumes); *Notes on Federal Governments Past and Present*; *Speeches on British American Union*. The last two volumes contain the cream of his work in Canada and are for us the chief objects of interest; but an outline of his varied activities and checkered career seemed necessary if we were to understand the character of the man, the educative value of his experience, the extent of his energy and power.

He came to Canada at an eventful period in its history and flung himself into its life with all the ardor of his warm Celtic nature. On his new home he lavished the love which

his exile deflected from Ireland, and for Canada he dreamed that unity and happiness which were denied to the land of his birth.

He found it a congeries of disorganized communities, he lived to see them united in the Dominion of Canada. He found in the intense activity and buoyant hopes of that period some solace for the sorrows that had been associated with the land he still loved while devoting himself whole-heartedly to the land of his adoption.

"I admit," he said in 1865, "of no divided allegiance to Canada and her interests; but it would be untrue and paltry to deny a divided affection between the old country and the new. Kept within just bounds, such an affection is reasonable, is right and creditable to those who cherish it."

Such divided affection, coupled with whole-hearted allegiance, was in his case a distinct asset. It gave him a background for comparison and contrast and enabled him to warn Canadians against the mistakes made elsewhere. In the same speech of 1865 advocating the adoption of the Quebec scheme, he urged his hearers to be true to their traditions and rise to the great occasion.

"Let no local prejudice impede, let no personal ambition obstruct, the great work. Why! the very aborigines of the land might have instructed the sceptics among ourselves that union was strength. What was it gave at one time the balance of power on this soil to the "Six Nations" so that England, France and Holland all sought the alliance of the red-skinned statesmen of Onondago? What was it made the names of Brant and Pontiac and Tecumseh so formidable in their day? Because they too had conceived the idea—an immense stride for the savage intellect to make—that union was strength. Let the personalities and partisanship of our times stand abashed in the presence of these forest-born federalists who rose superior to all mere tribal prejudices in endeavouring to save a whole people."

In an address to the New England Society, of Montreal, on December 22nd, 1860, after admitting that Canada was behind the United States in material prosperity, he continued:

"All we need, Mr. President, mixed up and divided as we naturally are is, in my humble opinion, the cultivation of a tolerant spirit on all the delicate controversies of race and religion, the maintenance of an upright public opinion in our politics and commerce, the cordial encouragement of every talent and every charity which reveals itself among us, the ex-

pansion of those narrow views and small ambitions which are apt to attend upon provincialism, and, with these amendments, I do think we might make for Christian men, desirous to bring up their posterity in the love and fear of God and the law, one of the most desirable residences in the world of the 'land we live in'."

In March 1861, in reply to a toast to his health at a dinner given to him by his supporters on the eve of the session of 1861 he, as usual, made a plea for allaying religious and racial animosities, for losing sight of old quarrels "when we lost sight of the capes and headlands of the old country."

"In society we must sacrifice something, as we do when we go through a crowd; and not only must we yield to old age, to the fairer and better sex, and to that youth which, in its weakness, is entitled to some of the respect which we accord to age; but we must sometimes make way for men like ourselves, though we could prove by the most faultless syllogism our right to push them from the path . . ."

"We have a country which, being the land of our choice, should also have our first consideration. I know, and you know, that I can never cease to regard with an affection which amounts almost to idolatry the land where I spent my best, my first years, where I obtained the partner of my life, and where my first-born saw the light. I cannot but regard that land even with increased love because she has not been prosperous. Yet I hold we have no right to intrude our Irish patriotism on this soil . . ."

Again on May 10th, 1862, in an address to the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society of Quebec, he returned to the same subject:

"We, Irishmen, Protestant and Catholic, born and bred in a land of religious controversy, should never forget that we now live and act in a land of the fullest religious and civil liberty. All we have to do is, each for himself, to keep down dissensions which can only weaken, impoverish and keep back the country; each for himself do all he can to increase its wealth, its strength and its reputation; each for himself—you, and you, gentlemen, and all of us—to welcome every talent, to hail every invention, to cherish every gem of art, *to foster every gleam of authorship*, to honor every acquirement and every natural gift, to lift ourselves to the level of our destinies, to rise above all low limitations and narrow circumscriptions, to cultivate that true catholicity of spirit which embraces all creeds, all classes, and all races, in order to make of our boundless province, so rich in known and unknown resources, *a great new northern nation*.

The note struck in these extracts is the fundamental note of all his Canadian work. Out of the wealth of his sorrow and disillusionment he warned his new countrymen against

the danger of factious and paltry aims. And such a warning was by no means unnecessary. Barely twenty years had passed since both Upper and Lower Canada had been in revolt. Barely ten years had passed since responsible government had been put to the test in the Rebellion Losses Bill, whose opponents pelted the Governor-General's carriage and burned the parliament buildings at Montreal.

Barely three years had passed since the final solution of the clergy reserves question had been found in the secularization of the fund in the interests of education; but the ill-will long engendered had not so soon subsided, and the Canadas were now violently agitated by the separate schools question and by the cry of *Rep. by Pop.* In the maritime provinces, too, faction, sect and party were loudly vocal, while the various communities about to form the Dominion of Canada had less knowledge of one another than they had of the United States or of Great Britain.

But from the first issue of his paper, *The New Era*, in 1857 until his death in 1868 McGee worked valiantly for the new nation-state which he helped to create and for the new nationality which he advocated.

The general outlines of the Canadian movement towards confederation are too well known to need discussion here. It is sufficient to note that the movement in its later stages had the warm approbation of the imperial government and that it is more and more coming to be recognized as a pioneer achievement in peaceable union through round-table discussion—an example that might well be studied with care by the nations of Europe.

The main movement was preceded by the legislative union of Upper and Lower Canada, which had gradually degenerated into a virtual federation and in 1864 had resulted in deadlock. It was preceded also by an abortive attempt at economic union between Canada and the maritime provinces through the construction of an Intercolonial railway; but negotiations had broken down over the conditions of an imperial guarantee, leaving behind them a legacy of ill-feeling between Canada and Nova Scotia in particular. Then in

1864 came the Charlottetown conference on maritime union which merged in the Quebec conference on confederation and that in turn resulted ultimately in the B.N.A. Act of 1867.

During all these years McGee's pen and voice both were busy. In his paper and on the platform he examined all the arguments for and against the movement and enunciated the principles upon which it should be founded as well as the ultimate destiny of a united and vigorous nationality. On behalf of the movement he made many journeys to the maritime provinces and there did much to create an atmosphere favorable to a consideration of the project. None of the later fathers of confederation was more insistent than he upon the urgency of the movement. He felt that if once the moment were lost, this, added to the disappointment of the maritime provinces and the aggressiveness of the United States, would lose the maritime provinces forever. On this point he would admit no delay and no compromise. He was particularly impatient with those who argued that all we should strive for now was an economic union as a preliminary stage to political union.

"Some honorable gentlemen," said he, "while admitting that we have entered, within the present decade, on a period of political transition, have contended that we might have bridged the abyss with that Prussian pontoon called a Zollverein. But if any one for a moment will remember that the trade of the whole front of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia gravitates at present along-shore to Portland and Boston, while the trade of Upper Canada west of Kingston has long gravitated across the lakes to New York, he will see I think that a mere Zollverein treaty, without a strong political end to serve and some political power at its back, would be, in our new circumstances, merely waste paper."

But while thus ready to repudiate the notion that Canada could be made a nation by purely economic means he was quite willing to recognize their power and to admit that it was the lack of common economic interests as much as the lack of sentiment which made it necessary to be satisfied with a federative rather than a legislative union.

"If we had had, as was proposed, an intercolonial railway twenty years ago, we might by this time have been, perhaps, and only perhaps, in a condition to unite into one consolidated government; but certain politicians

and capitalists having defeated that project twenty years ago, special interests took the place that great general interests might by this time have occupied; vested rights and local ambitions arose and were recognized; and all these had to be admitted as existing in a pretty advanced stage of development when our conferences were called together. The lesson to be learned from this squandering of quarter centuries by British Americans is this, that if we lose the present propitious opportunity, we may find it as hard a few years hence to get an audience, even for any kind of union (except American union), as we should have found it to get a hearing last year for a legislative union from the long period of estrangement and non-intercourse which had existed between these provinces and the special interests which had grown up in the meantime in each of them."

Having convinced himself and many others of the urgency of union and of the inadequacy of an economic Zollverein, as well as the impossibility of a legislative union, he marshalled all the arguments in favor of a federation which he defined as a "political union of states of dissimilar size and resources to secure external protection and internal tranquility." Over the standard arguments for and proposed advantages of union it is not necessary to linger. With most of the other statesmen, he saw in it free access to the sea, an extended market, the breaking down of hostile tariffs, a more diversified field for labor and capital, enhanced credit with England, greater effectiveness in time of danger, and above all a wider career for the talented youth of the hitherto scattered and obscure colonies.

But McGee's imagination soared beyond all these benefits and pictured not only a new and prosperous state but a new and vigorous nationality ever more anxious to play a worthy part in achieving the moral unity of the world. This vital difference between McGee and the other fathers of confederation can be appreciated fully only by reading their speeches side by side. Macdonald referred casually to the building of a nation, Brown exulted in the fact that federation was being formed without bloodshed in strong contrast to the European fashion, and Cartier stood for a political nationality that would permit of the friendly emulation of races for the common good. But with these, one and all, the main interest was concentrated upon the immediate practical problem, while McGee had ever before him the

greatness of that future which was marked out for the new nationality. The following excerpts from his speeches are necessary to an understanding of his foresight and his political sagacity:

"I rejoice, moreover, that we men of insular origin are about to recover one of our lost senses—the sense that comprehends the sea—that we are not now about to subside into a character so foreign to all our antecedents, that of a mere inland people. The union of the provinces restores us to the ocean, takes us back to the Atlantic, and launches us once more on the modern Mediterranean, the true central sea of the western world.

"But it is not for its material advantages by which we may enrich each other, nor its joint political action by which we may protect each other, that the union is only to be valued; it is because it will give, as it only can give, a distinct historical existence to British America.

"If it should be fortunately safely established and wisely upheld, mankind will find here, standing side by side on this half-cleared continent, the British and American forms of free government; here we shall have the means of comparison and contrast in the greatest affairs; here we shall have principles tested to their last results, and maxims inspected and systems gauged, and schools of thought, as well as rules of state, reformed and revised, founded and refounded."

(Cookshire, December 22nd, 1864.)

"I conclude, sir, as I began, by entreating the House to believe that I have spoken without respect of persons, and with a sole single desire for the increased prosperity, freedom and honour of this incipient northern nation. I call it a northern nation—for such it must become, if all of us do our duty to the last. Men do not talk on this continent of changes wrought by centuries, but of the events of years. Men do not vegetate in this age, as they did formerly in one spot—occupying one portion. Thought outruns the steam car, and hope outflies the telegraph. We live more in ten years in this era than the patriarch did in a thousand. The patriarch might outlive the palm tree which was planted to commemorate his birth and yet not see so many wonders as we have witnessed since the constitution we are now discussing was formed. What marvels have not been wrought in Europe and America from 1840 to 1860? And who can say the world, or our own portion of it more particularly, is incapable of maintaining to the end of the century the ratio of the past progress? I for one cannot presume to say so. I look to the future of my adopted country with hope, though not without anxiety. I see in the not remote distance one great nationality bound, like the shield of Achilles, by the blue rim of the ocean. I see it quartered into many communities, each disposing of its internal affairs but all bound together by free institutions, free intercourse and free commerce. I see within the round of that shield the peaks of the western mountains, and the crest of the eastern waves, the winding Assiniboine, the five-fold lakes, the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa, the Saguenay, the St. John

and the basin of Minas. By all these flowing waters, in all the valleys they fertilize, in all the cities they visit in their courses, I see a generation of industrious, contented, moral men, free in name and in fact—men capable of maintaining, in peace and in war, a constitution worthy of such a country."

(Legislative Assembly of Canada, May 2nd, 1860.)

"A single glance at the physical geography of the whole of British America will show that it forms, quite as much in structure as in size, one of the most valuable sections of the globe. Along this eastern coast the Almighty pours the broad gulf stream, nursed within the tropics, to temper the rigors of our air, to irrigate our 'deep sea pastures,' to combat and subdue the powerful polar stream which would otherwise, in a single night, fill all our gulfs and harbors with a barrier of perpetual ice. Far towards the west, beyond the wonderful lakes, which excite the admiration of every traveller, the winds that lift the water-bearing clouds from the Gulf of Cortez and waft them northward are met by counter-currents which capsize them just where they are essential—beyond Lake Superior, on both slopes of the Rocky Mountains. These are the limits of that climate which has been so much misrepresented, a climate which rejects every pestilence, which breeds no malaria, a climate under which the oldest stationary population—the French-Canadian—have multiplied without the infusion of new blood from France or elsewhere from a stock of 80,000 in 1760 to a people of 880,000 in 1860. I need not, however, have gone so far for an illustration of the fostering effects of our climate on the European race; when I look on the sons and daughters of this peninsula—natives of the soil for two, three and four generations—when I see the lithe and manly forms on all sides, around and before me, when I see especially who they are that adorn that gallery (alluding to the ladies) the argument is over, the case is closed.

"If we descend from the climate to the soil, we find it sown by nature with these precious forests fitted to erect cities, to build fleets and to warm the hearts of many generations. We have the isotherm of wheat on the Red river, on the Ottawa and on the St. John; root crops everywhere; coal in Cape Breton and on the Saskatchewan; iron with us from the St. Maurice to the Trent; in Canada the copper-bearing rocks at frequent intervals from Huron to Gaspé; gold in Columbia and Nova Scotia; salt again and hides in the Red river region; fisheries inland and seaward unequalled. Such is a rough sketch, a rapid enumeration of the resources of this land of our children's inheritance.

"Now what needs it, this country—with a lake and river and seaward system sufficient to accommodate all its own and all its neighbour's commerce—what needs such a country for its future? It needs a population sufficient in number, in spirit, and in capacity to become its master; and this population needs, as all civilized men, religious and civil liberty, unity, authority, free intercourse, commerce, security and law."

"Territory, resources by sea and land, civil and religious freedom, these we have already. Four millions we already are; four millions culled from the races that, for a thousand years, have led the van of Christendom. When the sceptre of Christian civilization trembled in the enervate grasp of the Greek of the Lower Empire, then the western tribes of Europe, fiery, hirsute, clamorous, but kindly, snatched at the falling prize and placed themselves at the head of human affairs. We are the children of these fire-tried kingdom founders, of these ocean-discoverers of Western Europe. Analyse our aggregate population. We have more Saxons than Alfred had when he founded the English realm. We have more Celts than Brian had when he put his heel on the neck of Odin. We have more Normans than William had when he marshalled his invading host along the strand of Falaise. We have the laws of St. Edward and St. Louis, Magna Carta and the Roman Code. We speak the speeches of Shakespeare and Bossuet. We copy the constitution which Burke and Somers, Sidney and Sir Thomas Moore lived or died to secure or save. Out of these august elements in the name of the future generations who shall inhabit all the vast region we now call ours, I invoke the fortunate genius of a United British America, to solemnize law with the moral sanction of religion, and *to crown the fair pillar of our freedom with its only appropriate capital, lawful authority*, so that hand in hand we and our descendants may advance steadily to the accomplishment of a common destiny."

(Halifax, July, 1863)

"There are before the public men of British America at this moment but two courses; either to drift with the tide of democracy, or to seize the golden moment and fix forever the monarchical character of our institutions!

"I invite every fellow colonist who agrees with me to unite our efforts that we may give our province the aspect of an empire, in order to exercise the influence abroad, and at home to create a state, and to originate a history which the world will not willingly let die.

"This being my general view of my own duty—my sincere slow-formed conviction of what a British American policy should be—I look forward to the time when these provinces, once united and increasing at an accelerated ratio, may become a principality worthy of the acceptance of one of the sons of that sovereign whose reign inaugurated the firm foundation of our colonial liberties. If I am right, the railroad will give us union, union will give us nationality, and nationality a prince of the blood of our ancient kings. These speculations on the future may be thought premature and fanciful. But what is premature in America? Propose a project which has life in it, and while still you speculate it grows. If that way towards greatness which I have ventured to point out to our scattered communities be practicable, I have no fear that it will not be taken, even in my time. If it be not practicable, well then, at least, I shall have this consolation, that I have invited the intelligence of these provinces to rise

above partizan contests and personal warfare to the consideration of great principles, healthful and ennobling in their discussion to the minds of men."

(St. John, August, 1863.)

From this rather fortuitous selection of paragraphs made from speeches delivered at different times and to widely different audiences certain general principles emerge.

First and foremost is his spiritual conception of nationality based upon "the will to co-operate" and aiming at the common good of Canada and of mankind. Economic interdependence, physical geography, climate, political institutions, all play a part in the grand design, but the design itself is something above and beyond these—a common will. He recognized the value of the two oceans as a natural boundary, but did not make of these boundaries a fetish as the people of France had done. To him a principle was a better boundary than the River St. Lawrence or the Ashburton line!

"You have sent your young men to guard your frontier. You want a principle to guard your young men, thus truly defend your frontier. For what do young men (who make the best soldiers) fight? For a line of Scripture or chalk line—for a pretext or for a principle. What is a better boundary between nations than a parallel of latitude or even a natural obstacle? What really keeps nations intact and apart? A principle. When I can hear our young men say as proudly 'Our Federation,' or 'Our Country,' or 'Our Kingdom' as the young men of other countries do, speaking of their own, then I shall have less apprehension for the result of whatever trials the future may have in store for us."

Again, though he from first to last stood for equality of opportunity towards all within our boundaries, he naturally looked to those who through the generations had become attached to the soil to give security and permanence to policy; and for this reason, because so few immigrants were in their midst, he looked to the maritime provinces to give stability to the union.

"I may observe, however, that the population is almost universally a native population of three or four or more generations. In New Brunswick at the most there is about twelve per cent of an immigrant people, in Nova Scotia about eight, in the two islands very much less. In the eye of the law we admit no disparity between natives and immigrants

in the country; but it is to be considered that where men are born in the presence of the graves of their fathers, for even a few generations, the influence of that fact is great in enhancing their attachment to that soil."

But in the political institutions of the colonies he saw the greatest inducement to national pride and harmony. It was through the superiority of these institutions rather than in antagonism to the United States that he hoped to see Canadians evolve a distinct national existence. More than once he emphasizes this difference and at the same time reiterates the desire for friendly relations with the great neighbour to the south. Speaking at a political picnic at Ormstown, County of Chateaugay, on July 17th, 1861, he said:

"I look for the preservation of peace between ourselves and the American people far more to the cultivation of a just and generous style of dealing with the national troubles of that people than I would to the presence here of a few thousand regulars more or less."

"The American system is the product of the highest political experience of modern times working in the freest field, cast adrift from all European ties, by the madness of an arbitrary minister, blind to all circumstances of time and place; if that fabric should be destined to fall—as fall I firmly believe it will *not* in our day nor at any early day—the whole world must feel the shock, and all the civilized parts of the earth might well be clothed in mourning if they only understood the value of what they had lost."

Again at Cookshire, December 22nd, 1864, he said:

"Next we made the general the supreme government and the local derivative; while the Americans did the reverse.

"As to the merits and the consequences of this fundamental difference, I shall only say this, that merely to differ from another and a sometime established system is, of course, no merit in itself; but yet if we are to be a distinct people from our republican neighbors, we can only be so and remain so by the assertion of distinct principles of government, a far better boundary than the River St. Lawrence or the Ashburton line. But suppose their fundamental politics to be right, are we then, for the sake of distinction, to erect a falsehood at the north to enable us to contend against a truth at the south? Would we establish monarchy merely out of a spirit of antagonism? No! gentlemen, God forbid! I of course hold not only that our plan of government is politic in itself, but also, that it is better than the American. I am prepared to maintain this at all times against all comers; for, if I had not myself faith in our work, I should scorn to inculcate its obligations on the public."

All these theories are not surprising in a man like McGee, whose mind was so receptive of impressions and open to learn from the mistakes of his own past as well as from the history of other nations. But there are two principles prominent in his speeches which will evoke considerable surprise in the light of his earlier career, the one his conservatism, the other his loyalty to Great Britain and to British institutions; and his insistence on these principles indicates that he had recently read Burke to advantage:

"One more objection, which comes from an opposite quarter to the last, is that our plan is too stringently conservative. Well, gentlemen, I can but say to that, if it be so, that is a good fault, which we may safely leave to the popular elements of our state of society to correct in time. It was remarked long ago by Lord Bolingbroke—and a greater than Bolingbroke has called it 'a profound remark'—that it is easier to graft anything of a republic on a monarchy than anything of monarchy on a republic. It is always easy in our society to extend democratic influence and democratic authority; but it is not always possible, it is very seldom possible, ever to get anything back that is once yielded up to democracy. If, therefore, our plan should seem at first sight somewhat too conservative, I repeat my own opinion, that it is a good fault, and the remedy may safely be left to time."

(Cookshire, December 22nd, 1864.)

"We need in these provinces and we can bear a large infusion of authority. I am not at all afraid this constitution errs on the side of too great conservatism. If it be found too conservative now, the downward tendency in political ideas which characterizes this democratic age is a sufficient guarantee for amendment. Its conservatism is the principle on which this instrument is strong, and worthy of the support of every colonist, and through which it will secure the warm approbation of the imperial authorities."

(Canadian Assembly, February 9th, 1865.)

"We build, as I said the other day at Montreal, on the old foundations—though the result of our deliberations is popularly called 'the new constitution.' I deny that the principles on which we proceeded are novel or untried principles. These principles all exist and for ages have existed in the British constitution. Some of the contrivances and adaptations of principles are new, but the royal authority, ministerial responsibility, a nominative upper house, the full and free representation of the commons, and the independence of the judges, are not inventions of our making."

(Cookshire, December 22nd, 1864)

"The next motive for union to which I refer is that it will strengthen rather than weaken the connection with the empire so essential to these rising provinces."

(Canadian Legislature, 1865.)

McGee was himself conscious of the fact that he might be accused of inconsistency, and in a speech in Toronto, November 26th, 1863, anticipated criticism in the following manly words:

"It may be said that it is rather strange for an Irishman, who spent his youth in resisting that government in his native country, to be found amongst the admirers of British constitutional government in Canada. To that remark this is my reply: If in my day Ireland had been governed as Canada is now governed, I would have been as sound a constitutionalist as is to be found in Ireland."

But it is in its conservative yet positive aspect that McGee is essentially the prophet of Canadian nationality. Some have argued for a Canadian nationality as a purely negative thing in antagonism to the United States. A few have advocated cutting the painter and repudiating the British connection. But McGee is in line with the true Canadian tradition in building up a positive Canadian national spirit without enmity to the United States and without thought of separation from the British Empire. The first Canadian who carved his home out of the primeval forest struck the first blow for Canadian nationality in laying the foundation of local patriotism. The first Canadians who met in a common assembly to discuss common needs made inevitable the demand for responsible government. With the achievement of responsible government the consciousness of duty emerged from the clamour for rights; and the fuller assumption of our duties involved the problems of national finance, national order and national defence. National finance was intimately connected with control of our tariff; national commerce and national defence meant national union and the promise of national railroads, and these iron bands confirm our union and encourage intercourse, make possible internal security, facilitate external defence. But commerce and defence are international problems, so that it was inevitable that a nation resting on two

great oceans should discover new problems and find new duties imposed upon her. Sometimes these duties and problems coincide with imperial duties and problems, and when they do the new Canadian nation in its old spirit is eager to assume its full share of responsibility. Sometimes they do not thus coincide, and in that case she, in the same spirit, would define her responsibilities in accordance with the advice of her responsible Canadian ministers. In both instances she is manifesting a positive and conservative national spirit. In like manner the necessity of defining her own customs and beliefs, in the face of cosmopolitan immigration, forces her to turn a discriminating ear to the interpretations of both American and imperial experience. In any case to argue against Canadian nationality is to repudiate the entire experience of history; for mankind fulfils its destiny only through functioning in groups that manifest a quick and ready communion of feeling—a community of feeling based on common memories and common hopes, kept alive through association in a spirit of neighborliness. And every year that goes by, while these groupings are national and no injustice is allowed by our political institutions, the tie is strengthened and the mental union which McGee saw beyond the constitutional union is becoming more of a reality. Or, as he said, in his own way:

"If you want to stir up a common sentiment of affection between these people and ourselves, bring us all into closer relation together and, having the element of a vigorous nationality with us, each will find something to like and respect in the other; mutual confidence and respect will follow, and a feeling of being engaged in a common cause for the good of a common nationality will grow up of itself without being forced by any man's special advocacy. The thing who shuts up his heart against his kindred, his neighbors and his fellow subjects, may be a very pretty fellow at a parish vestry, but do you call such a forked-radish as that a man?"

Such, then, were the views of Thomas D'Arcy McGee. Like a true prophet he caught the spirit of the past and projected it into the future. With Irish facility he identified his interests with those of his adopted country and wrought mightily for enlightened patriotism. To Alexander Morris and the *Nova Britannia* he acknowledged his indebtedness,

but the ideas of Morris were cold and lifeless until touched by his eloquence. Under the spell of this eloquence a group of young Canadians attempted to fulfil his prophecy. From one of these, William A. Foster, Q.C., I would borrow both a tribute and an epitaph.

"There is a name I would fain approach with befitting reverence, for it casts athwart memory the shadows of all these qualities that man admires in man. It tells of one in whom the generous enthusiasm of youth was but mellowed by the experience of cultured manhood; of one who lavished the warm love of an Irish heart on the land of his birth, yet gave a loyal and true affection to the land of his adoption; who strove with all the power of genius to convert the stagnant pool of politics into a stream of living water; who dared to be national in the face of provincial selfishness and impartially liberal in the teeth of sectarian strife; who from Halifax to Sandwich sowed broadcast the seeds of a higher national life, and with persuasive eloquence drew us closer together as a people, pointing out to each what was good in the other, wreathing our sympathies and blending our hopes; yes! one who breathed into our New Dominion the spirit of a proud self-reliance, and first taught Canadians to respect themselves. Was it a wonder that a cry of agony rang throughout the land when murder foul and most unnatural drank the life-blood of Thomas D'Arcy McGee?"

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DUE RUTH MAR 10 '82

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JAN 28 1999

DUE RUTH JAN 30 1985

JAN 28 1985

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HARVEY DANIEL COBB 1886-
THOMAS D ARCY MCGEE THE
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Harvey, Daniel Cobb, 1886-
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